

Kingdom Come

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Summary: Edgar and Sabin have to decide who should be king of Figaro.

## Kingdom Come

They knew this day would come. Life must end. Everything comes to an end at some point in time. They were never ready. No one is ever ready to face death. Yours, or someone else's.

Edgar and Sabin sat in the ancient wooden chairs in the foyer of Figaro Castle. They waited patiently, for the end was near. Edgar read a book. Sabin dozed lightly.

The door opened abruptly. Sabin woke with a twitch. A messenger stood before the princes, "The king is dead. He wishes that you two split the kingdom."

Edgar nodded and the messenger left. Immediately, Sabin fled from the foyer, to the privacy of his own chamber. Edgar slumped in the chair Sabin had occupied. Was it wise to split the kingdom?

Edgar pulled enough courage together to look at his father's body. It lay cold, alone, and lifeless on the silk sheets. Edgar gently picked up the tired hand and put it against his face... Cold... Dead.

He set the hand down and left. Emotions were killing him.

Edgar knocked on Sabin's door, "Leave me alone."

"Sabin, brother, it's me," Edgar choked on his words.

The door opened swiftly. Sabin's usually bright face had dark tear streaks on it. Edgar frowned. They walked inside and sat on the royal blue twin beds.

They sobbed pitifully. Mourning was hell. Suddenly they were given the responsibility of a lifetime, but they didn't want to take it.

They must. Figaro was no one's but theirs. It needed a good leader.

"Do you want to split the kingdom?" Sabin asked pathetically.

"No," Edgar answered flatly...

"Neither do I..." Sabin's voice trailed off.

"I say we try to sleep and talk tomorrow." Edgar suggested. Sabin nodded.

The boys couldn't sleep. Sabin wrote in a journal while Edgar lay thinking. He had an idea. It was perfect... Well, not exactly, but it sure was worth a shot. It would give Sabin his dream of freedom...

Edgar could handle the crown. Could Sabin? Probably not. He was too much of a free-thinker. Too busy with martial arts. Not as book smart...

"Sabin?" Edgar whispered.

"You're still awake? I thought you were long gone," Sabin whispered back.

"I have an idea. Come with me..."

Edgar and Sabin got up and quietly left the bedroom. On the way out, Edgar pocketed his "unique" coin.

When the princes reached the tower, Edgar pulled out the coin and whispered, "This will decide what to do. Heads, I'm king. Tails, you're king. Okay?"

Sabin nodded.

Edgar flipped the coin. Of course it landed on heads. He was the king. The boys were able to go to bed more easily.

The next day was gorgeous. Light streamed through all the windows in Figaro Castle. The sky was blue, the sand was beige... Edgar woke before Sabin. He smiled at the sight of how easily his brother rested. Edgar dressed quickly and went to the Chancellor.

"I am king," Edgar stated flatly when the Chancellor had sat down with him, "Sabin and I talked the matter over and I am to be the next king."

"Yes, your majesty," the Chancellor dropped to his knees.

"Please don't start..." Edgar stood, walked away, and left the Chancellor wide-eyed.

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